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[From the Galaxy, for August.]

THE MOON AND THE HARE.

A HOTTENTOT FABLE.

BY JOEL BENTON.

The moon, in pity to the race
Of man in his despair,
Sent to them from her shining place
Her messenger, the hare.

"Go, nimble one, and say to men
That as I fade and die,
Then rise and brightlier shine again
Above them in the sky;

So they must fail and fade away,
But only die to rise
Where resurrection paves the way
To fairer, friendlier skies."

But out of dullness, trick, or *fiend*,
The message which was sent
The reckless little hare construed
With most malign intent.

"O race of men, the moon hath said
That as she lives and dies,
So unto death shall you be led,
And nevermore shall rise."

Now when the moon had heard the case,
Her axe, with force and grip,
She struck into the meek hare's face,
Which caused the split hare lip.

The hare, incensed, with claws upborne,
Scratched back with right good grace,
And since that day the moon has worn
A rough and ragged face.

Ellinor's Guardian;

—OR,—

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "LADY LISLE," "DARRELL MARKHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

HORACE MARGRAVE AT BALDWIN COURT.

Henry Dalton prospered in his beloved profession. Gray-headed old judges talked over their after-dinner port of the wonderful acumen displayed by the young barrister in the most important and difficult cases. One, two, three years passed away, and the name of Dalton began to be one of mark upon the Northern Circuit. The dawn often found him working in his chambers in Paper Buildings, while his handsome wife was dancing at some brilliant assembly, or listening to the vapid platitudes of her numerous admirers and silent adorers. With Ellinor Dalton, to be unhappy was to be reckless. Here was that impulsive and emotional nature, which cannot brood upon its griefs in the quiet circle of a solitary home. She considered herself wronged by her husband's parsimony, still more deeply wronged by his cold reserve; and she sought in the gayest circles of fashionable London for the peace which had never dwelt at her cold and deserted hearth.

"His profession is all in all to him," she said, "but there is at least the world left for me; and, if I cannot be loved, I will prove to him that, at any rate, I can be admired."

At many of the houses in which she was a constant visitor, Horace Margrave was also a familiar guest. The fashionable and wealthy bachelor lawyer was sure of a welcome wherever mamma had daughters to marry or papa money to invest or mortgages to effect. To her old guardian, Ellinor's manner never underwent the slightest shadow of a change.

"You may refuse to admit him here; you may forbid my correspondence with him. I acknowledge the right you exercise so harshly," she would say to her husband. "but you cannot shake my faith in my dead father's friend. You cannot control my sentiments towards the guardian of my childhood."

But by degrees she found that Horace Margrave was to be seen less frequently every day at those houses in which she visited; it was growing a rare thing now for her to see the dark, handsome head proudly overtopping the crowd in which the lawyer mingled; and even when she did meet him, though even his voice had still its old gentleness, there was a tacit avoidance of her in his manner, which effectually checked any confidence between them. This was for the first two years after her marriage; in the third she heard accidently that Horace Margrave was travelling in Switzerland, and had left the entire management of his very extensive business to his junior partner.

In the autumn of the third year from that of her marriage, Ellinor was staying with her husband at the country house of his friend, Sir Lionel Baldwin. Since that day on which the scene with Horace Margrave had taken place in the little drawing-room in Hertford street, Ellinor Dalton and her husband had had no explanation whatever. On that day, the young man had fallen on his knees at the feet of his sobbing wife, and had most earnestly implored her to believe in his faith and honor, and to believe that, in every thing he did, he had a motive so strong and so disinterested, as to warrant his actions. He begged her to believe, also, that the marriage, on his part, had been wholly a love-match; that he had been actuated by no mercenary considerations whatever; and that if he now withheld the money to which, in all appearance, she had so good a right, it was because it was not in his power to lavish it upon her. But he implored in vain. Prejudiced against him from the very first, she had only trusted him for a brief period, to doubt him more completely than ever at the first suspicion that suggested itself. Wounded in her affection for another—an affection whose strength, perhaps, she scarcely dared to whisper to her own soul—her feeling for Henry Dalton became one almost bordering on aversion. His simple, practical good sense; his plain, unpolished manners; his persevering, energetic, and untiring pursuit of a vocation for which she had no sympathy—all these jarred upon her romantic and enthusiastic temperment, and blinded her to his actual merits. The world, which always contrives to know everything, very soon made itself completely acquainted with the eccentric conditions of Mr. Arden's will, and the circumstances of Henry Dalton's marriage.

It was known to be a marriage of convenience, and not of affection. He was a very lucky fellow, and she was very much to be pitied. This was the general opinion, which Ellinor's palpable indifference to her husband went strongly to confirm.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalton had been staying for a week at Baldwin Court, when the young barrister was compelled, by his professional pursuits, to leave his wife for a few days under the protection of his old friends, Sir Lionel and Lady Baldwin.

"You will be very happy here, dear Ellinor," he said: "the house is full of pleasant people, and you know how great a favorite you are with our host and hostess. You will not miss me," he added, with a sigh, as he looked at her indifferent face.

"Miss you! Oh, pray do not alarm yourself, Mr. Dalton! I am not so used to usurp your time or attention I know, where your professional duties are concerned, how small a consideration I am to you."

"I should not work hard were I not compelled to do so, Ellinor," he said, with a shade of reproach in his voice.

"My dear Mr. Dalton," she answered, coldly, "I have no taste for mysteries. You are perfectly free to pursue your own course."

So they parted. She bade him adieu with as much well-bred indifference as if he had been her jeweler or her haberdasher. As the light little phaeton drove him off to the railway station, he looked up to the chintz curtained windows of his wife's apartments, and said to himself, "How long is this to endure, I wonder?—this unmerited wretchedness, this most cruel misconception!"

The morning after Henry Dalton's departure, as Sir Lionel Baldwin, seated at breakfast, opened the letter bag, he exclaimed, with a tone of mingled surprise and pleasure, "So the wanderer has returned! At the very bottom of the bag I can see Horace Margrave's dashing superscription. He has returned to England, then."

He handed his visitors their letters, and then opened his own, reserving the lawyer's epistle till the last.

"This is delightful! Horace will be down here to-night."

"Ellinor Dalton's cheek grew pale at the announcement; for the mysterious feud between her guardian and her husband flashed upon her mind. She would meet him here, then, alone. Now, or never, might she learn this secret—this secret which, no doubt, involved some meanness on the part of Henry Dalton, the apothecary's son.

"Margrave will be an immense acquisition to our party—will he not gentlemen?" asked Sir Lionel.

"An acquisition! Well really now, I don't know about that," drawled a young Government clerk from Whitehall. "Do you know, S'Lionel" (all the young men under Government called the old baronet S'Lionel, any other pronunciation of his name and title involving a degree of exertion beyond their physical powers), "do you know, it's my opinion, S'Lionel, that Horace Margrave is used up? I met him at—at what-you-may-call-it—Rousseau and Gibbon, Childe Harold and the Nouvelle Heloise. You know the place," he said vaguely: "somewhere in Switzerland, in short, last July, and I never saw a man so altered in my life."

"Altered!" exclaimed the Baronet. Ellinor Dalton's face grew paler still.

"Yes, 'pon my honor, S'Lionel. Very much altered, indeed. You don't think he ever committed a murder, or anything of that kind—do you?', said the young man, reflectively, as he drew over a basin and deliberately dropped four or five lumps of sugar into his coffee. "Because, upon my honor, he looked like that sort of thing."

"My dear Fred, don't be a fool. Looked like what sort of thing?"

"You know; a guilty conscience, Lara, Manfred. You understand. Upon my word," added the youthful official, looking round with a languid laugh, "he had such a Wandering Jew-ish and ultra-Byronic appearance, when I met him suddenly among some very uncomfortable kind of chromo-lithographic mountain scenery, that I asked him if he had an appointment with the Witch of the Alps, or any of those sort of people?"

One or two country visitors tried to laugh, but couldn't; and the guests from town only stared, as the young man looked round the table. Ellinor Dalton never took her eyes from his face, but seemed to wait anxiously for any thing he might say next.

"Perhaps Margrave has been ill," said the old Baronet; "he told me when he went to Switzerland, that he was leaving England because he required change of air and scene."

"Ill!" said the Government clerk. "Ah, to be sure; I never thought of that. He might have been ill. It's difficult, sometimes, to draw the line between a guilty conscience and the liver complaint. Perhaps it was only his liver, after all. But you dont think," he said, appealingly, returning to his original idea, "you don't think that he has committed a murder, and buried the body in Verulam Buildings—do you? That would account for his going to Switzerland, you know; for he couldn't possibly stop with the body—could he?"

"You'd better ask him the question yourself, Fred," said Sir Lionel, laughing; "if everybody had as good a conscience as Horace Margrave, the world would be better stocked than it is with honorable men. Horace is a noble-hearted fellow; I've known him from a boy. He's a glorious fellow."

"And a crack shot," said a young military man, with his mouth full of buttered toast and anchovy paste.

"And a first-rate billiard player," added his next neighbor, busy carving a ham.

"And one of the cleverest men in the law," said a grave old gentleman, sententiously.

"Extremely handsome," faultered one young lady.

"And then, how accomplished!" ventured another.

"Then you don't think, really now, that he has committed a murder, and buried the body in his chambers?,' asked the Whitehall employe, putting the question to the company generally.

In the dusk of that autumnal evening, Ellinor Dalton sat alone in a tiny drawing-room leading out of the great saloon, which was a long room, with six windows and two fireplaces, and with a great many very indifferent pictures in extremely handsome frames.

This tiny drawing-room was a favorite retreat of Ellinor's. It was luxuriously furnished, and it communicated, by a half-glass door, shrouded by heavy amber damask curtains, with a large conservatory, which opened on to the terrace walk that ran along one side of the house. Here she sat in the dusky light, pensive and thoughtful, on the evening after her husband's departure. The gentlemen were all in the billiard-room, hard at work with balls and cues, trying to settle some disputed wager before the half-hour bell rang to summon them to their dressing-rooms. The ladies were already at their toilettes; and Ellinor, who had dressed earlier than usual, was quite alone. It was too dark for her to read or work, and she was too weary and listless to ring for lamps; so she sat with her hands lying idly in her lap, pondering upon what had been said at the breakfast table of her some time guardian, Horace Margrave.

Suddenly a footstep behind her, falling softly on the thick carpet, roused her from her reverie, and she looked up with a startled glance at the glass over the low chimney-piece.

In the dim firelight she saw, reflected in the shadowy depths of the mirror, the haggard and altered face of her guardian, Horace Margrave.

He wore a loose heavy great-coat, and his hat in his hand. He had evidently only just arrived,

He drew back on seeing Ellinor, but as she turned round to speak to him, the firelight behind her left her face in the shadow, and he did not recognize her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "for disturbing you. I have been looking everywhere for Sir Lionel."

"Mr. Margrave! Dont you know me? It is I—Ellinor!"

His hat fell from his slender hand, and he leaned against a high-backed easy-chair for support.

"Ellinor—Mrs. Dalton—you here! I—I—heard you were in Paris, or I should never—that is—I———"

For the first time in her life Ellinor Dalton saw Horace Margrave so agitated, that the stony mask of elegant indifference and gentlemanly *sang-froid*, which he ordinarily wore, entirely dropped away, and left him—himself.

"Mr. Margrave," she said, anxiously, "you are annoyed at seeing me here. Oh, how altered you are! They were right in what they said this morning. You are indeed altered, you must have been very ill!"

Horace Margrave was himself again by this time; he picked up his hat, and dropping lazily into the easy-chair, said, —"Yes; I have had rather a severe attack—fever—exhaustion—the doctors, in fact, were so puzzled as to what they should call my illness, that they actually tried to persuade me that I had nerves; like a young lady who has been jilted by a life-guardsman, or forbidden by her parents to marry a country curate with seventy pounds per annum, and three duties every Sunday. A nervous lawyer! My dear Mrs. Dalton, can you imagine anything so absurd? Sir James Clarke, however, insisted on my packing my portmanteau, and setting off for Mont Blanc, or something of that kind; and I, being heartily tired of the Courts of Probate and Chancery, and Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, was only too glad to follow his advice, and take my railway ticket for Geneva."

"And Switzerland has restored you——?"

"In a measure, perhaps; but not entirely. You can see that I am not yet very strong, when even the pleasing emotion of meeting unexpectedly with my sometime ward is almost too much for my ultra-lady-like nerves. But you were saying, my dear Mrs. Dalton, that they had been talking of me here."

"Oh, at the breakfast-table this morning. When your visit was announced, one of the gentlemen said he had met you in Switzerland, and that you were looking ill—unhappy!"

"Unhappy! Ah, my dear Mrs. Dalton, what a misfortune it is for a man to have a constitutional pallor, and a head of dark hair! The world will insist upon elevating him into a blighted being, with a chronic wolf hard at work under his waistcoat. I knock myself up by working too hard over a difficult Will case, in which some tiresome old man leaves his youngest son forty thousands pounds upon half a sheet of note paper; and the world, meeting me in Switzerland, travelling to rescue myself, comes home and writes me down—unhappy! Now, isn't it too bad? If I were blessed with red hair and a fat face, I might break my heart once in three months, without any of my sympathetic friends troubling themselves about the fracture."

"My dear Mr. Margrave," said Ellinor—her voice, in spite of herself, trembling a little—"I am really now quite an old married woman, and, presuming on that fact, may venture to speak to you with entire candor—may I not?"

"With entire candor, certainly." There is the old shiver in the dark eyelashes, and the white lids droop over the handsome brown eyes, as Horace Margrave looks down at the hat which swings backwards and forwards in his listless hand.

"Then Mr. Margrave, my dear guardian, for I will—I will call you by that old name, which I can remember speaking for the first time on the day of my poor father's funeral. Oh!" she added, passionately, "how well—how well I remember that dreary, wretched, terrible day! I can see you now as I saw you then, standing in the deep embrasure of the window in the little library, in the dear, dear Scottish home, looking down at me compassionately, with dark, mournful eyes. I was such a child then. I can hear your low, deep voice, as I heard it on that day, saying to me—'Ellinor! your dead father has placed a solemn trust in my hands. I am young. I may not be as good or as high-principled a man as, to his confiding mind, I seemed to be; there may be something of constitutional weakness and irresolution in my character, which may render me, perhaps by no means the fittest person he could have chosen for your guardian; but so deeply do I feel the trust implied in his dying words, that I swear, by my hope in heaven, by my memory of the dead, by my honor as a man and a gentleman, to discharge the responsibilities imposed upon me, as an honest man and an honorable gentleman should discharge them!

"Ellinor! Ellinor! for pity's sake!" he cried, in a broken voice, clasping one white hand convulsively over his averted face.

"I do wrong," she said, "to recall that melancholy day. You did—you did discharge every duty, nobly, honestly, honorably; but now—now you abandon me entirely to the husband—not of my choice—but imposed upon me by a hard and cruel necessity, and you do all in your power to make us strangers. Yet, guardian—Horace, you are not happy!"

"Not happy!" he raises his head, and laughs bitterly. "My dear Mrs. Dalton, this is such childish talk about happiness and unhapyiness—two words which were only used in a lady's novel, in which the heroine is unhappy through two volumes and three quarters, and unutterably blest in the last chapter. In the practical world, we don't talk about happiness and unhappiness; our phrases are, failure and success. A man gets the woolsack, and he is successful; or, he tries for it all his life, and never gets it—and we shrug our shoulders and say he is unfortunate. But a happy man, my dear Ellinor—did you ever see one?"

"You mystify me, Mr. Margrave, but you do not answer me."

"Because, Mrs. Dalton, to answer you I must first question myself; and believe me, a man must have considerable courage, who can dare to ask himself, whether, in this tiresome journey of life, he has taken the right of the wrong road. I confess myself a coward, and implore you not to compel me to be brave."

He rose as he finished speaking, and, looking down at his dress, continued—

"The first dinner-bell rang a quarter of an hour ago, and behold me still in traveling costume; the sin is yours, Mrs. Dalton. Till dinner-time, adieu!"

Ellinor, left alone, sank into a gloomy reverie. "What—what can be the mystery of this man's life?" she murmured to herself. "If I dared—but no, no, I dare not answer that question!"

It was difficult to recognize the gloomy and bitter Horace Margrave of half an hour before in the brilliant and versatile visitor who sat at Sir Lionel's right hand, and whose incessant flow of witty *persiflage* kept the crowed dinner table in a roar of laughter. Ellinor, charmed in spite of herself, beguiled out of herself by the fascination of his animated conversation, wondered at the extraordinary power possessed by this man. "So Brilliant, so accomplished!" she thought; "so admired, prosperous, and successful; and yet so unhappy!"

That evening the post brought Ellinor a letter which had been sent to her town house, and forwarded thence to Sir Lionel's.

She started on seeing the direction, and taking it into the little inner drawing-room, which was still untenanted, she read it by the light of the wax candle on the chimney-piece. She returned to the long saloon after re folding her letter, and, crossing over to a small table at which Horace Margrave sat, bending over a portfolio of engravings, she seated herself near him, and said—

"Mr. Margrave! I have just received a letter from Scotland."

"From Scotland!"

"Yes. From the dear old minister, James Stewart. You remember him?"

"Yes; a white-headed old man, with a family of daughters, the shortest of whom was taller than me. Do you correspond with him?"

"Oh, no. It is so many years since I left Scotland, that my dear old friends seem one by one to have dropped off. I should like so much to have given them a new church at Achindore, but Mr. Dalton of course objected to the outlay of money; and as that is a point I never dispute with him, I abandoned the idea; but Mr. Stewart has written to me this time for a special purpose."

"And that is?"

"To tell me that my old nurse, Margaret Mackay, has become blind and infirm, and has been obliged to leave her situation. Poor dear old soul! She went into a service in Edinburgh, after my poor father's death, and I entirely lost sight of her. I should have provided for her long before this had I known where to find her; but now there is no question about this appeal, and I shall immediately settle a hundred a year upon her, in spite of Mr. Dalton's riged and praiseworthy economy."

"I fancy Dalton will think a hundred a year too much. Fifty pounds for an old woman in the north of Aberdeenshire would be almost fabulous wealth; but you are so superb in your notions, my dear Ellinor; hard-headed business men, like Dalton and myself, can scarcely stand against you."

"Pray do not compare yourself to Mr. Dalton," said Ellinor, with quiet scorn.

"I'm afraid, indeed, I must not," he answered, gravely; "but you were saying———"

"That in this matter I will take no refusal; no pitiful and contemptible excuses or prevarications. I shall write to him by to-morrow's post. I cannot get an answer till the next day. If that answer should be either a refusal or an excuse, I know what course to take."

"And that course———"

"I will tell you what it is, when I receive Henry Dalton's reply. But I am unjust to him," she said, "he cannot refuse to comply with this request."

Three days after this convention, just as the half-hour bell had rung, and as Sir Lionel's visitors were all hurrying off to their dressing-room, Ellinor laid her hand lightly on Horace Margrave's arm, as he was leaving the large drawing-room, and said—

"Pray let me speak to you for a few minutes. I have received Mr. Dalton's answer to my letter."

"And that answer?" he asks, as he follows her into the little room communicating with the conservatory.

"Is, as you suggested it might be, a refusal."

"A refusal!" He elevates his dark, arched eyebrows faintly, but seems very little surprised at the intelligence.

"Yes, a refusal. He dares not even attempt an excuse, or invent a reason for his conduct. Forty pounds a year, he says, will be a comfortable competence for an old woman in the north of Scotland, where very few ministers of the Presbyterian church have a larger income. That sum he will settle on her immediately, and he sends me a cheque for the first half-year. But he will settle no more, nor will he endeavor to explain motives which are always misconstrued. What do you think of his conduct?"

As she spoke, the glass door, which separated the tiny boudoir from the conservatory, swung backwards and forwards in the autum breeze, which blew in through the outer door of the conservatory; for the day having been unusually warm for the time of the year, this door had been left open.

"My dear Ellinor," said Horace Margrave, "if any one should come into the conservatory, they might hear us talking of your husband."

"Every one is dressing," she answered carelessly. Besides, if any one were there, they would scarcely be surprised to hear me declare my contempt for Henry Dalton. The world does not, I hope, give us credit for being a happy couple."

"As you will; but I am sure I heard some one stirring in that conservatory. But no matter. You ask me what I think of your husbands conduct in refusing to allow a superannuated nurse of yours more than forty pounds a year? Don't think me a heartless ruffian if I tell you that I think he is perfectly right."

"But to withhold from me my own money! To fetter my almsgiving! To control my very charities! I might forgive him, if he refused me a diamond necklace, or a pair of ponies; but in this matter, in which my affection is concerned, to let his economy step in to frustrate my earnestly expressed wishes—it is too cruel!"

"My dear Mrs. Dalton, like all very impetuous and warm-hearted people, you are rather given to jump at conclusions. Mr. Dalton, you say, withholds your own money from you. Now, your own money, with the exception of the Arden estate, which he sold on your marriage, happens to have been entirely invested in the Three per Cents. Now, suppose—mind, I haven't the least reason to suppose that such a thing has ever happened, but for the sake of putting a case—suppose Henry Dalton, as a clever and enterprising man of business, should have been tempted to speculate with some of your money?"

"Without consulting me?"

"Without consulting you. Decidedly. What do women know of speculation!"

"Mr. Margrave, if Henry Dalton has done this, he is no longer a miser, but he is—a cheat. The money left to me by my uncle's will was mine. To be shared with him, it is true, but still mine. No sophistry, no lawyer's quibble, could ever have made it his. If, then, he has, without my consent or knowledge, speculated with that money, I no longer despise him as a miser, but detest him as a dishonest man. Ah! Horace Margrave, you with noble blood in your veins; you a gentleman, an honorable man; what would you think of Henry Dalton, if this were possible?"

Ellinor Dalton, have you ever heard of the madness men have christened gambling? Do you know what a gambler is? Do you know what he feels, this man who hazards his wife's fortune, his widdowed mother's slender pittance, his helpless children's inheritance, the money that should pay for his eldest son's education, his daughter's dowry, the hundreds due to his trusting creditors, or the gold entrusted to him by a confiding employer, on the green cloth of a west end gambling table? Do you think that at that mad moment, when the gas-lamps dazzle his eyes, and the piles of gold heave up and down upon the restless green baize, and the croupier's voice, crying, 'Make your game!' is multipled by a million, and deafens his bewildered ear like the clamor of all the fiends; do you think at that moment that he ever supposes he is going to *lose* this money which is not honestly his? No; he is going to double, to treble, to quadruple it; to multiply every glistening guinea by a hundred, and to take it back to the starving wife or the anxious children, and cry, 'Was I so much to blame after all?' Have you ever stood upon the Grand Stand at Epsom, and seen the white faces of the betting-men, and heard the noise of the eager voices upon the final rush for the winning post? Every man upon that crowded stand, every creature upon that crowded course, from the great magnate of the turf, who stands to win a quarter of a million, to the wretched apprentice lad, who has stolen half a crown from the till to put it upon the favorite, believes he has backed a winning horse. That is the great madness of gaming; that is the terrible witchcraft of the gambling-house and the ring; and that is the miserable hallucination of the man who speculates with the fortune of another. Pity him, Ellinor. If the dishonest are ever worthy of the pity of the good, that man deserves your pity."

He had spoken with an energy unusual to him, and he sank into a chair, half exhausted with his unwonted vehemence.

"I would rather think the man, whom I am forced to call my husband, a miser, than a cheat, Mr. Margrave," Ellinor said, coldly; "and I am sorry to learn, that if he were indeed capable of such dishonor, his crime would find an advocate in you."

"You are pitiless, Mrs. Dalton," said Horace Margrave, after a pause. "Heaven help the man that dares to wrong you."

"Do not let us speak of Henry Dalton any longer, Mr. Margrave. I told you that if he should refuse this favor, this—this right, I had decided on what course to take."

"You did; and now, may I ask what that course is?"

"To leave him."

"Leave him!" he exclaimed, anxiously.

"Yes, leave him in the possession of this fortune which he holds so tightly, or which, supposing him to be the pitiful wretch you think he may have been, he has speculated with and lost. Leave him. He can never have cared for me. He has denied my every request, frustrated my every wish, devoted every hour of his life, not to me, but to his beloved profession. My aunt will receive me. I shall leave this place to-night, and leave London for Paris to-morrow morning."

"But, Ellinor, the world———"

"Let the world judge between us. What can the world say of me? I shall live with my aunt, as I did before this cruel fortune was bequeathed to me. Mr. Margrave—guardian—you will accompany me to Paris, will you not? I am so inexperienced in all these sort of things, so little used to help myself, that I dare not take this journey alone. You will accompany me?"

"I, Ellinor?" Again the dark eyelashes shiver over the gloomy brown eyes.

"Yes; who so fit to protect me as you, to whom, with his dying lips, my father committed my guardianship? For his sake, you will do me this service, will you not?"

"Is it a service, Ellinor?' Can I be doing you a service in taking you away from your husband?"

"So be it, then," she said, scornfully. "You refuse to help me; I will go alone."

"Alone?"

"Yes; alone. I go to-night, and alone."

A bright flush mounted to Horace Margrave's pale face, and a vivid light shone in his handsome eyes.

"Alone, Ellinor? No, no," he said, "my poor child, my ward, my helpless orphan girl, my little Scotch lassie of the good time gone, I will protect you on this journey, place you safely in the arms of your aunt, and answer to Henry Dalton for my conduct. In this at least, Ellinor, I will be worthy of your dead father's confidence. Make your arrangements for the journey. You have your maid with you?"

"Yes; Ellis, a most excellent creature. Then to-night, guardian, by the mail train."

"I shall be ready. You must make your excuses to Sir Lionel, and leave with as little explanation as possible. *Au revoir!*"

As Ellinor Dalton and Horace Margrave left the little boudoir, a gentleman in a great-coat, with a railway rug flung over his shoulder, strode out on to the terrace through the door of the conservatory, and, lighting a cigar, paced for about half an hour up and down the walk at the side of the house, thinking deeply.

[Continued next week.]

The Mountain Meadow Massacre.

Beaver, Utah, July 26.—To-day Ann Elizabeth Hoag was sworn: I lived at Harmony in 1857; was at a meeting called before Lee and the Indians started for the massacre; it was stated at the meeting that the emigrants would be destroyed; an express was sent to Brigham Young at the head of the soldiers and Indians. A meeting was called to hear Lee's report. Lee stood up and said: I wanted the Indians to rush on the emigrants. They agreed and marched out alongside the soldiers, who shot them down at the signal, and the Indians killed the women. He said one man had a baby in his arms. After the first fire Lee said, give up that child, and the man replied: If I die this child dies with me; I know you, John D. Lee, despite your paint. Lee said he had to shoot the man and child. While reporting, the express from Young arrived; he saw the children in the wagon in front of the meeting house. One boy 8 years old pointed to Indian Joe and said: That man killed papa. He got my papas' pants. He never seen the boy, afterwards. Lee said not to talk to the children, he wanted them to forget about the massacre.

Thos. P. Willis sworn: Saw goods of the murdered emigrants at Cedar, fifteen or twenty wagons and four or five hundred head of stock. Heard Haight, before the attack, ask my father the best way to attack the train; after the massacre, saw the property of the emigrants' wagons in front of the Tithing house in Cedar City; the Indians washed their bloody clothing in the ditch at Cedar City, and saw children. Higbee had a boy seven or eight years old. My brother had one. Burback had one; saw them in 1859 at an Indian reservation in care of Dr. Forney.

A Mare with Hydrophobia.

Carlisle Mercury.

Some three weeks ago a mare belonging to Mr. James Sousley, of Elizaville precinct, was bitten in the nose by a dog. Subsequently the dog attempted to bite Mr. Bruce Hedrick, and was killed by him. But no suspicions of its having hydrophobia were entertained until Saturday week, when the mare which had been bitten ran viciously toward its owner and attempted to bite him. She was confined in a secure place, and died on that night of hydrophobia.

We lose things that are certain, while we pursue others that are dubious.

The naked truth—a bear story.